

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fake Ass Bitches"

*[Little kid:]*

Tell me about these fake ass bitches

Look here little nigga

Most of these niggas be bitches too

But you'll never hear that side of the story

So uh, we finna do this shit like this

It's like I tell my niggas, keep your eyes on these bitches

They love to G a nigga young dumb and gettin' riches

What the fuck you think a trick is nigga

Nigga done stick and wet his dick

And then get tricked out all his riches by a -- BITCH!

I'm here to school you to the rules of the game, it'll cost ya

Think you all that just 'cause she let a nigga toss her

Motherfuckin' privilege

So don't give up your conversation, give that bitch your 7 digits

When she call ya, ask that tramp whassup

And if she hesitate nigga hang up, word up

And let that bitch meditate to the dial tone

And call me when you're ready to bone, and it's on

A motherfuckin' mack tonight

Stay that stay strapped cause my raps is tight

You fuckin' punks, I hate you snitches

Went against the grain and the game to be fake ass bitches

(God, damn! You can't just hit them niggas with that game

And expect them to accept it; girl your heard me it gets scandalous

But we gonna kick this shit like this here)

I can't stand fake ass bitches

Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

I can't stand fake ass bitches

Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Time to show these bustas who's boss

Run up on a real motherfucker and get tossed

The game is deep, and thicker than a motherfuckin' jimmy

Broke hoes runnin' round yellin' "Gimme!"

I can't stand it, hoes talkin' bout they got a man

Shit all I wanted her to do is suck my DICK

So how about hittin' a motherfucker on my pager

Busy now bitch but you can give me the pussy later

Fly how I fade her, played her like a game of Sega

Fuckin' with the player that done made her, huh

And I ain't sleepin' caught you creepin' for my money

Got the dick and now you get the pistol honey (bitch)

So get the bozack, knockin' hoes back, keep my dough stacked

So where the motherfuckin' hoes at?

Punk niggas can't fade the mack, livin' fat

Gettin' paid to rap, it's like that, you motherfuckin' bitches

Yeah, yeah that's my motto  
She educated a whole bunch of you old raggedy-ass niggas  
So y'all take that shit back to y'all camp and uh  
You sleep on that there, it's like

I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches  
I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches  
I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches  
I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Oh you too nigga, don't think we ain't talkin' bout your punk ass  
You old fake ass nigga  
Standin' there wearin' all them Pendletons and khakis and all that  
You soft as a motherfuckin' grape  
Ain't this a motherfuckin' bitch  
I can see right through your flower ass  
Some of these niggas is bitches too, man I tell ya  
It's gonna be harder and harder to be a Thug in ninety-fo' (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
But we gonna do this shit  
Y'all take this shit and you play this shit for every single  
Fake ass bitch out there (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
And there's plenty of 'em  
You probably got one sittin' next to you right now (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
Bobbin' his fake ass head to this, dope ass shit that he listenin' to (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
Fake ass motherfuckin' bitch, die in ninety-four

Thanks to mmulready for correcting these lyrics.

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